

ALL TRUE

Illustrated

Romance

10c

SEPT
1952

I HAD MADE MY
DECISION, BUT
SUDDENLY I WAS
FACED WITH THE
SHARP REALITY
THAT TRANSFORMED
ME INTO A VICTIM OF
DOUBTFUL KISSES!



Relax in SLICK SLACKS

Beautiful rayon gabardine SLICK SLACKS offer more than you ever dreamed possible in fashion and fit at the unbelievably low price of only

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But That's Not All —

CHECK THESE AMAZING FEATURES THEN RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY. YOU'RE GOING TO WANT SEVERAL PAIR OF SLICK SLACKS.



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GLAMOROUS

PERSONALLY PROPORTIONED . . . Made to fit your height and your waist!

CREASE RESISTANT . . . Will not wrinkle or get out of shape!

WAISTBAND WONDER . . . The inside waistband is bound with snugtex which prevents your blouse from riding up or coming out!

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FIVE EXCITING SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM . . .

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HUNTER GREEN GREY

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sizes 12-20

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sizes 12-20

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ALL TRUE ROMANCE — SEPT., 1952 — No. 7. Published bi-monthly by Artful Publications, Inc., 342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. No similarity to any living or dead person or institution intended. Entire contents copyrighted 1952. Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1952 at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription in the United States and its possessions \$3.00 a year. Single issues 10c. Printed in U. S. A.



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Private Scandal

WHEN MY OWN MOTHER
MOVED IN ON MY DATES
I THOUGHT I'D DIE OF
SHAME — BUT I HAD A
LOT TO LEARN ABOUT
LOVE!



WHEN
DAD DIED,
MOTHER
AND I WERE
LEFT IN
FINANCIAL
COMFORT, BUT
WITH IT ALL
I STILL WENT
TO BUSINESS
EVERY DAY
AS I LOVED
MY WORK... I
HAD MY OWN
PRIVATE OFFICE
WITH ACE
FASHIONS, AND
ONE DAY...



HE'S THE MOST
HANDSOME MAN
I'VE EVER SEEN!





YES, BOB MATTHEWS WAS HANDSOME, BUT WHAT I WAS TO HEAR ABOUT HIS PAST WAS SHOCKING...

QUITE A MAN, BOB! MARRIED THREE TIMES AND DIDN'T MAKE A GO OF IT ONCE!

SOME-TIMES THERE ARE REASONS FOR SUCH THINGS...



IF A WOMAN UNDERSTANDS A MAN, SHE CAN SAVE HERSELF A LOT OF UNHAPPINESS, BOSS!

PERHAPS, JANICE... PERHAPS...



ANYBODY THAT NICE COULDN'T BE A VILLAIN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE...

SOMEHOW I COULDN'T GET THE HANDSOME STRANGER OFF MY MIND AND I LOOKED FORWARD TO HIS NEXT VISIT TO OUR OFFICE...



GOOD MORNING, MR. MATTHEWS! NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

...AND TO SEE YOU, JANICE! BUT I INSIST YOU CALL ME BOB...



...BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I'LL NEVER HAVE THE COURAGE TO ASK YOU TO HAVE LUNCH WITH A LONELY MAN... WOULD YOU?

WHY, YES. I - I'D LOVE TO... BOB!



YOU KNOW I REALLY CAME BACK TO ACE FASHIONS ONLY TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

DID YOU REALLY?

BOB MADE ME FEEL MORE EXCITED THAN ANY MAN I HAD EVER KNOWN, AND WHEN HE INVITED ME TO DINNER AS WELL AS LUNCH—I AGAIN ACCEPTED...

IT'S GETTING LATE FOR A WORKING GAL, BOB, AND I REALLY MUST BE GETTING ALONG HOME...

YOU MADE THE WHOLE DAY AND EVENING JUST WONDERFUL FOR ME, JANICE!

I'M GLAD... BECAUSE I HAD A LOVELY TIME, TOO, BOB... GOOD-NIGHT!



HE'S RUSHING ME AND I LOVE IT! COULD IT BE TRUE THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING AS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?

MOTHER CAME INTO MY ROOM AS I DRESSED FOR MY NEXT DATE WITH BOB...

OH, MOTHER, I'VE MET THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD!

HOW NICE, DARLING!



YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SENSIBLE GIRL, JANICE, SO I'M SURE I'LL LIKE YOUR YOUNG MAN...

THANKS, MOTHER!

HE MAY NOT BE AS YOUNG AS MOTHER EXPECTS, BUT SHE'LL LIKE HIM I KNOW! I'M SO LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A DARLING YOUNG MOTHER!



MOTHER
ADMITTED
BOB AND I
COULD HEAR
THEIR VOICES
AS I FINISHED
DRESSING...

LAUGHING!
I KNEW THEY'D
GET ALONG.

LEAVE IT TO MOTHER
TO PUT A PERSON AT
EASE! SHE HAS
SUCH CHARM!

...AND
JANICE DIDN'T
EXAGGERATE
ABOUT YOU
A BIT!

HAVE FUN!

THANKS!
SORRY YOU
WON'T JOIN
US!

YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST
GIRL IN THE ROOM, JANICE...
AS USUAL!

HAPPINESS IS
GOOD FOR A
GIRL, BOB!

HOW THE TIME
GOES WHEN
WE'RE TOGETHER...

YES... I
ALMOST
HATE TO
GO HOME...

I'M MAD
ABOUT YOU,
JANICE...

OH,
BOB...

...FROM THAT NIGHT ON I COULDN'T THINK STRAIGHT... OVER AND OVER I SEARCHED MY HEART FOR AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION— WAS I IN LOVE WITH BOB?

WHAT'S WRONG, DEAR?

NOTHING,
BOB...



YOU SEEMED SO FAR AWAY... AND I WANT YOU CLOSE TO ME... LIKE THIS!



PLEASE, MOTHER! I DON'T CARE TO HEAR THINGS LIKE THAT...

...AND THAT THEY WERE WOMEN OLDER THAN HE? WEALTHY WOMEN...



MOTHER SENSED MY FEELINGS AND I NOTICED THAT SHE MADE IT A POINT TO FOLLOW ME ABOUT AND STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION ABOUT BOB...

DID YOU KNOW BOB HAD BEEN MARRIED SEVERAL TIMES, DEAR?

YES, MOTHER.



WEALTHY! OLD WEALTHY WOMEN! HOW COULD HE?



...JANICE, YOU KNOW THAT YOUR DAD LEFT US WELL OFF!...COULD IT BE THAT...

MOTHER, PLEASE!





I HAD REASON FOR MORE THAN MOODS IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED... SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAPPENED!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY BOB TOOK MOTHER TO THE THEATRE TONIGHT BEFORE I GOT HOME FROM THE OFFICE...

...LEAVING ME JUST A NOTE... OH, THERE THEY ARE! B-BUT THEY LOOK LIKE LOVERS!

OH, HELLO, DEAR! YOU STILL UP?

MOTHER, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS!

BUT BOB IS VERY ATTRACTIVE, JANICE! YOU SAID SO YOURSELF!

M-MY OWN MOTHER! A MAN-THIEF!

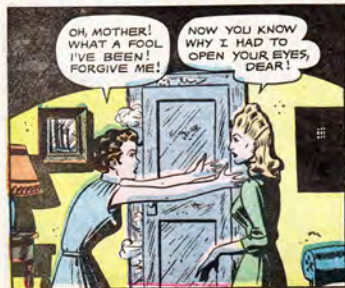
I SOBBED MYSELF TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT AND THE NEXT DAY AS I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE OFFICE, MOTHER CAME OUT OF HER ROOM, AND...

JANICE, I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...

I DON'T CARE TO HEAR ANYTHING MORE ABOUT IT, MOTHER!

BUT YOU MUST! BOB HAS ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM! HE'LL BE HERE TONIGHT FOR HIS ANSWER... I WANT YOU TO BE PRESENT!

THE DAY WAS TORTUROUSLY LONG, YET I WASN'T LOOKING FORWARD TO THAT EVENING. I THINK I WAS TOO NUMB TO FULLY REALIZE THE FANTASTIC TURN OF EVENTS...



DOUBTFUL KISSES

OLD LOVES ARE TENDER MEMORIES — EXCEPT WHEN THEY RETURN TO TAUNT YOUR HEART AND MAKE YOU WONDER IF YOU HAVEN'T MADE THE MISTAKE OF YOUR LIFETIME...

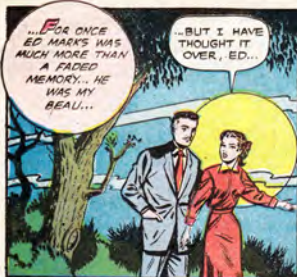


DADDY WAS RIGHT ABOUT ED. HE CERTAINLY DID GO TO THE TOP! AND TO THINK OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN...

TUESDAY WAS JUST ANOTHER DAY TO ME UNTIL THE MAIL ARRIVED, AND THEN...

AN INVITATION TO A DINNER IN HONOR OF ED MARKS! WHY, I HAVEN'T HEARD OR THOUGHT OF HIM IN YEARS!





...FOR ONCE
ED MARKS WAS
MUCH MORE THAN
A FADED
MEMORY... HE
WAS MY
BEAU...

...BUT I HAVE
THOUGHT IT
OVER, ED...



DON'T KEEP
ME WAITING
TOO LONG,
SALLY...

IT'S SUCH A BIG
DECISION TO MAKE—
BUT I PROMISE I'LL
GIVE YOU AN
ANSWER SOON...



YES, ED
HAD ASKED
ME TO
MARRY HIM—
THOUGH I
WAS ONLY
EIGHTEEN
AND HE WAS
THIRTY-FIVE...
I KNEW HE'D
GO FAR IN
LIFE, BUT
STILL
SOMETHING
HELD ME
BACK...

...MIGHT EVEN
GET TO BE
GOVERNOR SOME
DAY... I SAY
MARRY HIM,
SALLY...

I KNOW,
DAD, BUT...



AND I SAY LISTEN TO
WHAT YOUR HEART HAS
TO TELL YOU, DEAR!
THAT'S THE
IMPORTANT
THING...

THANK YOU,
MOTHER...



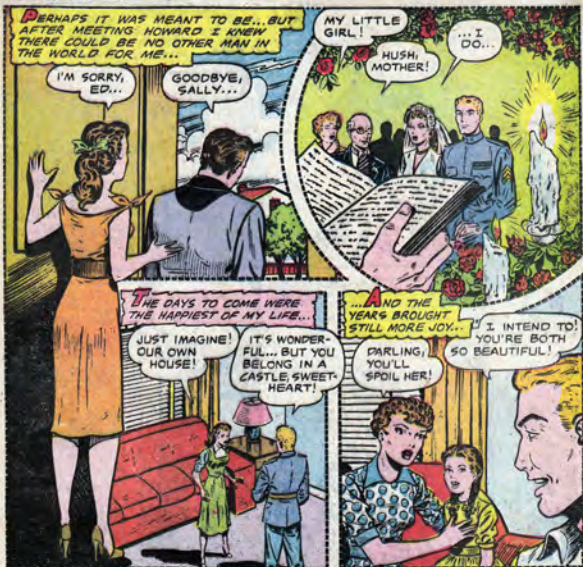
WHAT SHALL I DO? I'M
NOT S-SURE WHETHER
I LOVE HIM OR NOT...

I WAS
STILL TRYING
TO MAKE
UP MY MIND
WHEN I
ATTENDED
MY COUSIN'S
BIRTHDAY
PARTY...
AND THEN
I MET
HOWARD...



THANK YOU
FOR THE
DANCE. I
ENJOYED IT
VERY
MUCH!

MY PLEASURE!
BUT DON'T GO
AWAY... I'D LIKE
TO DANCE THE
NEXT AND THE
NEXT WITH YOU...

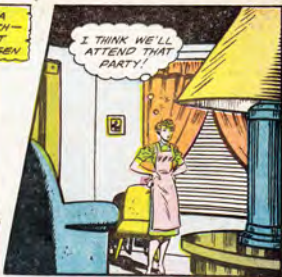


FUNNY HOW ONE LITTLE INVITATION TO A PARTY CAN UPSET YOUR THINKING SO MUCH—AND I COULDN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE IF I HAD CHOSEN ED MARKS...

SOCIAL WHIRL...
BEAUTIFUL GOWNS...
WEALTH...



I THINK WE'LL
ATTEND THAT
PARTY!



HOWARD
HAD NEVER
KNOWN
ABOUT ED—
AND HE WAS
A LAMB
ABOUT
AGREEING
TO TAKE ME
TO THE
PARTY...HE
EVEN
APPROVED
OF ME
SQUEEZING
A NEW DRESS
OUT OF OUR
BUDGET...

I MAY BE A LITTLE
OLDER—BUT STILL
SO IS ED!



OH, DARLING,
YOU LOOK SO
WONDERFUL!

NOT SO BAD
YOURSELF FOR
AN OLD MARRIED
WOMAN!



D—DO I REALLY
LOOK ALL RIGHT?
I WANT TO LOOK
EXTRA SPECIAL
TONIGHT!

YOU ALWAYS
LOOK LIKE A
MILLION DOLLARS
TO ME, BABY!

IT'S BEEN SO
LONG SINCE WE
WENT STEPPING—
NO WONDER
YOU'RE NERVOUS!

N-NERVOUS!
BUT I'M NOT,
DEAR...







STRANGER'S MEETING

by

Ruth Milloy



IT was a rainy day in late April and the bus was crowded. It crawled down Fifth Avenue like a huge green snail, full of damp and uncomfortable people, and the smell of wet wool. Outside the rain came down in slanting gray ropes. Not at all a day for romance.

Ellen Baker got on at 57th Street, her arms full of brown paper bundles. She was trying to hold her balance in the lurching vehicle, pinning her bundles down with her firm little chin, while she fumbled for her purse and a dime. For a block or so it looked pretty hopeless. The other passengers watched stonily. The driver frowned and waited patiently. It became more apparent by the second that Ellen had no dime. She felt a bill in her purse, knew guiltily that it was a five, and squirmed at the thought of having to give him that. Little fool! Why hadn't she thought to ask that last clerk for change?

The young man came to her rescue, as the old melodramas had it, in the nick of time. He dropped a dime into the box and smiled at Ellen. "Don't thank me," he said. "You're obviously a maiden in'distress."

Ellen felt her face burning. "Oh, but I do thank you," she gasped. "If you knew how much I—" She never finished that sentence, because at that precise moment the bundles spilled out of her arms like a brown waterfall. They cascaded around the young man, covering his feet in their expensive looking brogans.

"Oh," said Ellen. There seemed nothing else to say.

"Never mind," said the young man, bending over. "Let me help you." He gathered the bundles together, gave her some, but kept some himself. "I'll just hold them until you get off," he said. "If you don't mind, that is?"

"No," said Ellen doubtfully. "It's really very kind of you." She looked around, caught the hard stare of an elderly woman. Stern disapproval was etched on the woman's face. Ellen looked at the young man again. She was suddenly aware of the extreme blueness of his eyes. Blue as lake water. He smiled, showing teeth that were white and even. She suddenly decided that she liked his smile. It was just right. Friendly, comforting without being too aware of itself, like the toothpaste ads.

The elderly woman was still staring. "C-could we move down," Ellen whispered, "People are

supposed to be at the rear of the bus, aren't they?"

He nodded. "Yes. I see what you mean." He elbowed his way back, with Ellen slipping along behind like an open field runner following interference.

He found two straps and they clung to them. He grinned at her. "Quite a dragon, wasn't she?"

"Dragon?" Ellen had already forgotten the woman.

"Never mind," he said. "If you care, my name is Bert Thomas." He looked at her closely, obviously waiting. There was a long moment as the bus lurched along, slowing now and then with a hiss of air brakes. He wants to know my name, she thought. Naturally. And she wanted to tell him. Still she said nothing. Long, ingrained habit sealed her lips. You did not become familiar with strangers, no matter how kind they were, or how much you liked their looks. You simply did not!

All this time her eyes had been taking him in. Tall, well dressed, with what the magazine stories called a frank and open face. A little on the rugged side, she thought. Good shoulders. Brown hair cut short, almost a crew cut. Not an unusual face at all, until he smiled. Then something happened to it, and you saw how nice he really was.

Ellen lifted her chin a bit. Darn the conventions! He was nice. She would tell him her name. She might even tell him her address, and her phone number, if he were at all interested. She knew a nice young man when she saw one.

"I"—she began, but the golden moment had wasted away. He misunderstood. He looked into her eyes, his smile changed just a bit. "I understand," he said. "Forget it. We're just two strangers passing in the night."

His grin came back. "That's not right, is it?"

"No," she said. "It's ships that pass in the night. And I don't mind, really—"

It was another unfinished sentence. The bus chose that precise moment to skid on the rain slicked street and go crashing into a parked car. The jammed humanity inside was pulled and mauled by the impact, tossed into a great salad of legs and arms and bundles. Women screamed and men cursed. The bus caromed off the car, slewed sideways across the street and came to

a halt. The driver wiped his sweated brow in relief. Not bad after all.

Ellen had struck her head a glancing blow. Nothing serious, just enough to make tiny bells ring for a moment or so, and to jumble her thoughts. She was aware, rather dimly, of the young man helping her to extricate herself from the crowd. He was piling bundles into her arms and hailing a taxi. He held the door open for her.

"Goodbye," he said. He closed the door and turned away.

"But," said Ellen, "I—" This was her day for not finishing sentences. He was lost in the moiling crowd.

The driver was waiting patiently. "Where to, Miss?"

Ellen gave her address on West End Avenue. A little sadness grew in her as the taxi hummed along. She had an absurd sense of having missed something fine, something that might have been precious. Then she gave herself a little mental shake. How absurd! You read about things like that, or saw them in the movies, but they never happened in real life. She would forget that nice young man, with his engaging grin, in a day or so. Maybe even an hour.

When she got home, her mother said: "The studio called, Ellen. They need you tonight. I promised you would be there."

"Thanks, darling," Ellen kissed her mother and went to her room. Any other time she would have been overjoyed; just now the news that TV was calling left her strangely unmoved. She had had a brief career to date, filling in now and then for bit players on television dramas, hoping for a break. But that evening, as she dressed to go to the studio, she kept seeing the face of that young man. Bert Thomas, hadn't it been? She found herself wondering what he did for a living, where he had come from originally, all the questions she could have asked, and answered, were they having a date tonight. If only she had been able to finish that sentence—and there hadn't been that darned accident!

When she got to the studio she found, to her complete surprise and dismay, that she was to play the lead in a murder mystery. The star had

gotten sick at the last moment. Because of a maze of circumstances there had been no time for rehearsal. They put her in a room with a script, gave her an hour, and then shoved her on the set. It was her big chance.

As the camera rolled toward her for the first shot, its single eye glaring at her, she felt cold and weak. The flop of the week, she thought. Then the play had begun and she found the lines coming smoothly, easily, without effort on her part. She became aware, as the story went along, that she was a success. This might be the beginning of a career, a real career.

After the body was found, the killer caught and led away, she melted into the hero's arms. He was a man named Tad Jenkins, a not so young juvenile. As he held her he whispered, too low for the mike to hear: "You were wonderful tonight, Ellen. How about dinner afterward?"

The script called for her to nod. She nodded. But she said: "No, Tad. Not tonight. I—I'm meeting someone."

A lie, of course. She was going straight home after the show. She and mother would have a quiet talk, then bed.

It didn't work out quite that way. As she left the huge building she heard a voice.

"Miss Baker!" She turned. It was he. The young man on the bus. Bert Thomas.

He came through a small crowd to her. "I saw your play," he said. He grinned. "Lucky thing, too. Just happened to be in the place. The man wanted to turn on the fights, but I got a look at your face and insisted. We had quite a tussle."

Ellen felt light inside. Fate took care of things. She put a hand on his arm. "I'm glad," she said. "I've never really thanked you for this afternoon."

They were walking together now, toward the bright lights of Broadway. He looked at her, a mock serious frown on his face. "I had to come," he said. "After all, I work in a bank. Third vice-president, you know. And business is business."

She was puzzled. "Business?"

He grinned. "Sure. You owe me a dime, remember?"



How Can I Love You?

I WAS ALL MIXED UP TO BEGIN WITH AND WHEN LOVE CAME MY WAY, ALL I HAD TO OFFER WAS TO CONFUSED TEARS!



MY LIFE IS A GRIM STORY. MY FATHER, WHOM I ADORED, WAS JAILED ON AN EMBEZZLEMENT CHARGE, BUT I HAD MY OWN IDEAS ON THAT, AND WITH A BITTER HEART I WAS OUT TO GET REVENGE ON THE MAN WHO SENT HIM THERE...

WELL, ANDY MORRIS, WE'RE BOTH IN THE SAME TOWN NOW!



I WANT A SMALL ROOM, PLEASE... ONE ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE BUILDING!

ARE YOU GOING TO STAY LONG, MISS?



HOW
COULD I SAY
HOW LONG
I'D STAY...
I HAD PLANS,
BUT THE
TIME THEY'D
TAKE TO BE
FULFILLED
DEPENDS
UPON THE
MAN I WAS
SEEKING...
ANDY
MORRIS...

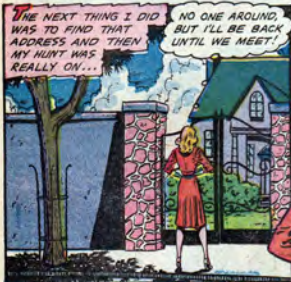


AH! HERE IT IS...
ANDREW MORRIS,
SEVENTEEN OAK
LANE... THANK
YOU, TELEPHONE
BOOK!

THE NICEST SECTION IN
TOWN... WHILE MY DAD
SPENDS HIS DAYS IN
JAIL... BUT I'LL SEE
TO THAT!



THE NEXT THING I DID
WAS TO FIND THAT
ADDRESS AND THEN
MY HUNT WAS
REALLY ON...



NO ONE AROUND,
BUT I'LL BE BACK
UNTIL WE MEET!

SOMEONE... NO—THAT
MAN IS TOO YOUNG TO
BE ANDY MORRIS! BUT
IT—IT COULD BE
HIS SON...



EACH DAY I RETURNED, BUT THE ONLY
PERSON I GOT TO SEE WAS THE HAND-
SOME YOUNG MAN... THINGS WERE WORKING
TOO SLOW...



I'VE GOT TO
SEE ANDY
MORRIS...
BUT NOW?

OF COURSE! WHY
DIDN'T I THINK OF
THIS BEFORE... I'LL
GET TO MEET
THAT FELLOW,
AND THEN...





HE SEEMED TO LIKE ME RIGHT OFF... AND I MADE IT EASY FOR HIM TO ASK ME FOR A DATE THAT NIGHT... BUT THEN I HAD TO FIB MY WAY THROUGH THE WHOLE EVENING...

NOW TO GET BACK TO WHERE I REALLY LIVE!



THIS IS ONE PART OF MY PRETENSE THAT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO KEEP UP! CLOTHES, TOO... BUT I'LL MANAGE SOMEHOW!



GUESTS PAY IN *advance*

OUR NEXT DATE WAS IN A SWANK PLACE AND I WORE MY VERY BEST DRESS... THIS NIGHT WAS TO BE THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL... LITTLE DID PAUL KNOW THIS, OF COURSE, AND HE WAS REAL CHARMING...

YOU'RE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER, MARION! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE!



MARION, I CAN'T KEEP THIS TO MYSELF ANY LONGER... I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU!

OH, PAUL! I WISH YOU HADN'T SAID THAT!



...IT'S TRUE! I'VE ONLY BEEN WITH YOU A SHORT TIME, BUT SURELY YOU MUST HAVE FELT IT, TOO.

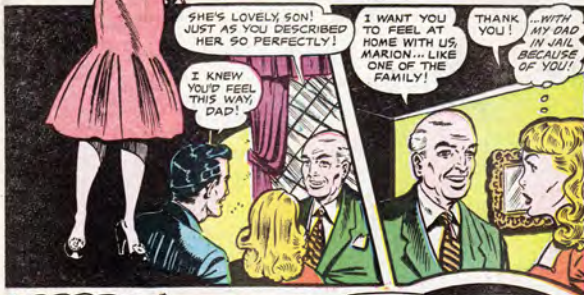
THEN IT'S TRUE! YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ME, AREN'T YOU...

PAUL... THIS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN... BUT WHAT CAN I DO...





IN SPITE OF IT ALL I MUSTN'T FORGET MY DAD... I CAN'T! PAUL MUST COME SECOND!



...THAT WASN'T THE LAST TIME I WENT TO PAUL'S HOME, BUT I NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO TALK ALONE WITH PAUL'S FATHER, UNTIL ONE DAY...

IN VIEW OF THE DISCUSSION WE HAD, SON, I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO MARION PRIVATELY IF YOU DON'T MIND...

CERTAINLY, DAD...

PAUL TOLD ME HOW MUCH HE LOVES YOU, MY DEAR! I, TOO... I HOPE YOU'LL AGREE TO JOIN OUR SMALL FAMILY...

I—I GUESS I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS, MR. MORRIS...

I'M CERTAIN YOU HAVE BEEN! I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW HOW VERY MUCH I APPROVE...

...IN FACT I WILL BE HEARTBROKEN IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT MY SON AS YOUR HUSBAND, MARION...

I HADN'T REALLY THOUGHT THIS OUT...

SAY, YOU TWO, REMEMBER ME? I'D LIKE TO DO MY OWN PROPOSING IF YOU DON'T MIND!

W-WHAT SHALL I DO?

WAIT! I CAN'T LISTEN TO ANY MORE... I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...

MARION! DARLING!

MY VOICE
WAS CHOKED
WITH TEARS,
BUT I
TOLED THEM
EVERYTHING...
WHO I WAS
AND HOW
I FELT
ABOUT MY
DAD IN
JAIL, THE
SHABBY
HOTEL I
LIVED IN,
AND WHY...

Y-YOU SEE... I
WAS ONLY HERE
SEEKING MY
REVENGE...



IN FAIRNESS TO ALL, MARION, YOU'LL
HAVE TO HEAR THE REST OF THAT
GRIM STORY! WE'RE ALL INVOLVED
NOW. I HAVE A LETTER WRITTEN
BY YOUR DAD... I WANT YOU TO
READ IT!



...PAUL'S FATHER WENT TO HIS DESK
AND UNLOCKED A DRAWER. WHEN HE
RETURNED, HE HANDED ME THE LETTER...

YOU WERE A LOYAL
DAUGHTER, MARION—
TAKE PRIDE IN THAT!
AND I STILL WOULD
BE PROUD TO HAVE
YOU AS MY
DAUGHTER!

DON'T CRY, DARLING!
IT WAS JUST A
TERRIBLE MISUNDER-
STANDING YOU HAD!
IF YOU HAD ONLY
TOLD ME...

OH,
PAUL...

*Dear Lady:
I know the court will
clear you of any
connection with the
smuggling — but I
want you to have this
confession by my own
hand. I was
responsible. I
intended to return the
money but the bank
examiners found out
before I...*



HOW CAN YOU
LOVE ME NOW
WHEN I'VE ACTED
SO BADLY...

HOW CAN I LOVE YOU?
JUST GIVE ME A
LITTLE TIME AND
I'LL SHOW YOU!

... NOW LET ME
HEAR YOU ACCEPT
ME, DARLING...

OH, YES,
PAUL... I
LOVE YOU
SO MUCH...



The
End

HER MAN or Mine?



AFTER COUNTLESS HOURS OF WAITING, MY ARMS FINALLY HELD HIM AGAIN, BUT ONLY TO FIND THAT HE COULDN'T BELONG TO ME AFTER ALL!



THE DAY OF DAYS HAD FINALLY ARRIVED... DAVE WAS COMING HOME AND WHAT A WELCOME HE HAD AWAITING HIM...

OH, DARLING! AT LAST! AFTER ALL THE WAITING AND LONELY HOURS!

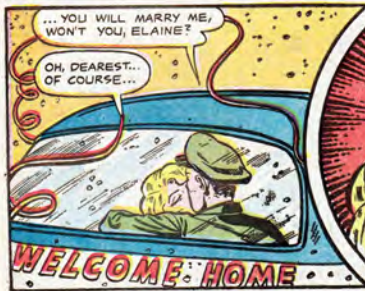


DAVID!
OH, DAVID!

ELAINE!
SWEETHEART!



...DAVID WAS A HERO AND I HAD TO WAIT FOR THE SPEECHES TO END BEFORE I COULD GET HIM ALONE... EVEN THIS KIND OF WAITING WAS TORTURE— BUT AT LONG LAST I HAD HIM IN SEMI-PRIVACY...



THE FOLLOWING DAYS WERE A FRANTIC BUSTLE... IT WAS EVEN PROPOSED THAT DAVID RUN FOR MAYOR—BUT WE SPENT AS MUCH TIME AS WE COULD TOGETHER MAKING PLANS...

ELAINE, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO ASK ME ABOUT... ABOUT ROSE?—

NO, DAVID. THAT IS ALL PAST HISTORY!

THANKS, DEAR! IT WAS A DREADFUL MISTAKE... I WAS SAILING FOR OVERSEAS AND SHE INSISTED ON A HASTY MARRIAGE...

... BUT SHE HAD IT ANNULLED AS SOON AS YOU SAILED...

I'D GIVE ANYTHING IF IT HADN'T HAPPENED, ELAINE...

I KNOW, DARLING—AND I WANT YOU TO FORGET IT FOREVER, AS I WILL...

I NEVER GAVE ANOTHER THOUGHT TO THE FACT THAT MY DAVID HAD TAKEN ANOTHER GIRL FOR HIS WIFE, BECAUSE I KNEW HIS LOVE FOR ME WAS REAL... AND BESIDES THERE WERE MORE PLEASANT THINGS TO THINK OF...

OUR ANNOUNCEMENT! SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T SEEM REAL... I'M SO HAPPY!

SOCIETY

I READ WHERE ELAINE CROSSEN IS ABOUT TO MARRY DAVID WEBB!

HE'S A FORTUNATE FELLOW, I'D SAY...

I WONDER IF SHE KNOWS HOW VERY MUCH HE LOVES HER?

OH, SWEETHEART, I DO... AND I LOVE YOU, TOO—FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART!



THE NEWSPAPERS WOULD LOVE THIS BIT OF GOSSIP, WOULDN'T THEY? ESPECIALLY WITH OUR MUTUAL FRIEND ABOUT TO RUN FOR MAYOR!

PLEASE! YOU WOULDN'T...

OF COURSE I FEEL BAD FOR YOU, HONEY! YOUR FAMILY IS WELL KNOWN IN TOWN, TOO...

WOULD YOU RUIN ALL OF OUR LIVES?

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO—UNLESS OTHER ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE...

TELL ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING...

GOOD! I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT! GIVE DAVID A CALL SO THE THREE OF US CAN TALK THIS OUT!

ALL RIGHT...

DAVID—PLEASE, COME OVER RIGHT AWAY. I CAN'T EXPLAIN... IT'S MOST IMPORTANT...

HAVEN'T SEEN DAVID IN SOME TIME—HOW IS THE DEAR BOY?

HE'LL SOON BE HERE AND YOU CAN ASK HIM PERSONALLY...



THE MINUTES DRAGGED UNTIL I FINALLY HEARD DAVID'S FOOTSTEPS RUSHING UP TO THE DOOR... AS HE ENTERED HE STARED IN DISBELIEF AT MY UNINVITED GUEST...

ROSE!

HI, DAVID,
DEAR!

VERY TOUCHING
SCENE—BUT NOW
LET'S GET DOWN
TO BUSINESS!

I HAVE NO
BUSINESS
CONCERNING
YOU, ROSE!

BUT SHE
SAID YOU
HAVE,
DAVID!

FOR TEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS I'LL GO TO
MEXICO VERY QUIETLY,
GET A NICE LITTLE
DIVORCE OR ANNULMENT
AND NO ONE BUT THE
THREE OF US WILL KNOW
A THING
ABOUT IT!

WHAT'S THIS?
BUT YOU LED
ME TO BELIEVE
YOU *DID*
THAT!

ABOUT THE
MONEY HERO—
DO I GET IT
OR NOT?

I DON'T
KNOW IF I
CAN RAISE
THAT SUM...

OH,
DAVID...

YOU'D BETTER, SONNY BOY—IF
YOU WANT TO STAY AT THE TOP
OF THE CLASS IN THIS TOWN!

W-WHAT
SHALL
WE DO,
DARLING?

DON'T WORRY, ELAINE...
KEEP YOUR PRETTY
LITTLE CHIN UP... I'LL
THINK OF SOMETHING!

ALL MY DREAMS HAD GONE UP IN SMOKE...
THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT AND
WORRY...

BLACKMAIL! WHO EVER THOUGHT
WE'D GET MIXED UP IN SOME-
THING SORDID LIKE THIS!

YES,
DAVID!
OF COURSE
I TRUST
YOU...

I WON'T SEE
YOU FOR A FEW
DAYS, DARLING—
BUT PLEASE
DON'T WORRY...

DON'T WORRY...
OH, DAVID, HOW
CAN I HELP BUT
WORRY... WHAT
IF I LOSE
YOU...

DAYS OF
ANGUISH
PASSED
AND NOT A
WORD FROM
DAVID...
I COULDN'T
EAT OR
SLEEP
AND MY
NERVES
WERE
FRAYED...

ANOTHER NIGHT...
PLEASE CALL ME
TONIGHT, SWEETHEART...

NOT A WORD...
HE WON'T CALL THIS
LATE... MAYBE HE'LL
NEVER CALL ME
AGAIN!

DAVID...
DAVID...

AT BREAKFAST THE FOLLOWING DAY I FINALLY HEARD THE DOORBELL...

DAVID!
OH, DAVID,
DARLING—
AT LAST!

R-R-RING

YOU!

YEAH, I WANT
TO TALK WITH
YOU, HONEY...

LOOK, SEEING
THAT I'M MAKING
IT PLEASANT
FOR YOUR
FUTURE, I
THINK YOU OWE
ME A FAVOR...

...LIKE
A LITTLE TOKEN
TO HELP ME OUT
IN MY OLD AGE!

MONEY! FROM
ME? YOU'RE
PRETTY LOW,
AREN'T YOU?

SKIP THE SPEECHES,
KIDDO! WHAT DO
YOU SAY TO MY
SUGGESTION?

I REFUSE
TO HEAR
ANOTHER
WORD...

I'LL THANK
YOU TO GET
OUT OF MY
HOUSE THIS
MINUTE...

OH! WHAT
A LOVELY
BROOCH!



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